AN

Exmoor SCOLDING,

IN THE

PROPRIETY and DECENCY

OF

Exmoor LANGUAGE,

BETWEEN

TWO SISTERS:

Wilmot Moreman and *Thomasin Moreman*;

As they were SPINNING.

ALSO,

An Exmoor COURTSHIP.

The TENTH EDITION:

Wherein are now added,

Such NOTES therein, and a VOCABULARY at the End, as seem neceſſary for explaining uncouth Expreſſions, and interpreting barbarous Words and Phraſes.

EXETER:

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PREFACE.

THE former Editions of theſe Dialogues, though well received and eſteemed by thoſe who had ſome Acquaintance with the Provincial Dialects in the Weſtern Parts of England, yet for Want of ſuch a Gloſſary as is now added, were in a great Meaſure unintelligible to moſt others, except perhaps a few Etymologiſts and Collectors of old and uncommon Words: The Editor has therefore endeavoured to ſupply that Defect; and that this 10th Edition might be rendered as correct as poſſible, the Whole has been carefully reviſed, ſome explanatory Notes inſerted, and the Spelling of the provincial Words better accommodated to their uſual Pronunciation among the Peaſants in the County of Devon: This, as well as their Explanations in the Vocabulary or Gloſſary, 'tis preſumed may be of ſome Uſe to ſuch *Lawyers* as go the Weſtern Circuit, by whom the Evidence of a Countryman is ſometimes miſtaken, for want of a proper Interpretation of his *Language*. In this Gloſſary we have not only ſhewn in what Senſe the moſt uncommon Words are generally underſtood in this Country, but alſo the Etymologies of moſt of them, whether derived from the old Anglo-Saxon, or from the Britiſh, French, Dutch, &c. Some few, whereof the true Signification was ſomewhat doubtful, are diſtinguiſhed by a Q: The Meaning of theſe we ſhould be glad to ſee better aſcertained; and if any perſon of Judgment ſhall obſerve any other Words to be ill explained in this Gloſſary, he is deſired to ſignify it to the Editor, to be corrected in a future Edition.

It may be proper to adverti ſe ſuch of our Readers as may be Strangers to the Devonſhire Dialects, that the following is a genuine Specimen thereof as ſpoken in thoſe Parts of the County where the Scene is laid; (the Phraſeology being alſo agreeable thereto, and the Similies, &c. properly adapted to the Characters of the Speakers) and not an arbitrary Collection of ill-connected clownish Words, like thoſe introduced into the Journals of ſome late Sentimental Travellers as well as the Productions of ſome Dramatic Writers, whoſe Clowns no more ſpeak in their own proper Dialects, than a dull School-boy makes elegant and claſſical *Latin*: their ſuppoſed *Language* being ſuch as would be no leſs unintelligible to the Ruſtics themſelves, than to thoſe polite Pretenders to Criticiſm who thereby mean to make them ridiculous. It muſt be confeſſed that the following Dialogues have not been exempt

from ſomewhat of the like Cenſure; it having been alledged, that in the *Exmoor* Scolding particularly, the Subſtantives have frequently too many Adjectives annexed, nearly ſynonymous; and that the objurgatory Wenches in that Part of the Country have not ſuch a *Copia Verborum* as is here repreſented: But we may appeal for the Truth of the Contrary to all who have heard the moſt noted Scolds among them when engaged and well-matched with foul-mouthed and nimble-tongued Antagoniſts; and how apt they are to ſtring up together a Variety of abuſive Words and devout Names, (as they term them) though many of them, like Sancho's Proverbs, have nearly the ſame Meaning; not ſparing others which may be ſometimes impertinent too, and beſide their Purpoſe, provided they are ſufficiently abuſive.—The following Collection was originally made about the Beginning of the preſent Century, by a blind itinerant Fidler, (one *Peter Lock* of North-Moulton, or its Neighbourhood) who was a Man of ſome Humour; and though his Skill and Dexterity as a Muſician is ſaid to have recommended him to the Notice of the Great, his more common Converſe with the lower Claſs of People, gave him frequent Opportunities of hearing and obſerving their Phraſes and Diction; and, as Perſons deprived of Sight have generally a good Memory, he was thereby the better enabled to retain and repeat them. This attracted the Notice of a neighbouring Clergyman, who by the Fidler's Aſſiſtance put the *Exmoor* Scolding into the form in which we now have it, and, before his Death, (which happened ſoon after the Year 1725) communicated it to the Public, and afterwards gave Riſe to the *Exmoor* Courtſhip, a Performance thought deſerving to be added thereunto; but Copies of the Scolding were, ſome Time before and after this, handed about in Manuſcript above 40 Years ſince, and was then taken to the original Compoſition of the Clergyman aforeſaid; few being then apprehenſive of its having any other Author, or how far the Perſon who furniſhed its Materials might claim Title thereto, though his Fame as a Fidler was not yet extinct.

It may be alſo requiſite to obſerve here, that the Foreſt of *Exmoor* (ſo called as being the Moor wherein the River *Exe* riſes) is, for the moſt Part, in the County of Somerſet; and though Parracombe and Challacombe in its Neighbourhood, which is the Scene of our Drama, be in Devonſhire, it muſt not be thence inferred that the ſame Dialect in all Particulars extends through the whole County; it being chiefly confined to the Northern Parts thereof: For many Words and Phraſes therein, would not be well underſtood by People in the South-Hams, (by which is meant all the Southern Parts of Devonſhire, and not any particular Town, as ſome Topographical Authors have ſuppoſed;) where the Dialect varies as much from this, as this from that of Dorſet and Wiltſhire: And even near *Exmoor*, none but the very loweſt Claſs of People generally ſpeak the *Language* here exemplified; but were it more commonly ſpoken by their Betters, perhaps it might not be ſo much to their Diſcredit, as ſome may imagine; moſt of the antiquated

quated Words being ſo expreſſive as not to be deſpiſed, though now grown obſolete, and no longer uſed by the politer Devonians, who in general ſpeak as good modern Engliſh as thoſe of any other County. 'Tis well known, that after the Expulſion of the antient Britons from thoſe Parts of the Kingdom which our Saxon Anceſtors had conquered, the Engliſh Saxon *Language* (a Dialect of the old Teutonid, or High Dutch) took Place of the Britiſh every where, but in Wales and Cornwall; and ſo continued until the Norman Conqueſt, when the Conqueror, endeavouring to introduce the French Tongue, and cauſing all Edicts and judicial Proceedings to be in that *Language*, the Saxon ſoon became intermixt with much of the old Norman French: But notwithſtanding this, and ſome Tincture of Britiſh and Daniſh, beſides the Words borrowed from the learned *Languages* by the Profeſſors of Arts and Sciences, &c. the antient Anglo-Saxon Tongue, with ſome Variation of its ſound and Orthography, chiefly prevails in the vulgar Part of our preſent *Language*; and it will appear in the Gloſſary ſubjoined to the following Dialogues, that moſt of the remarkable Words therein inſerted, are of Saxon Derivation, and if they are not all retained in other Counties, ſuch Counties have many others derived from the ſame Fountain; not to mention the Variations of the Pronunciation in different Places. Hence every County has its peculiar Dialect, at leaſt in reſpect to the vulgar *Language* of their Ruſtics, inſomuch that thoſe of different Counties cannot eaſily underſtand each other. Among Perſons engaged in Commerce indeed, or who have had a liberal Education, we may better diſtinguiſh their ſeveral Counties by their Accent, than by any Impropriety in their *Language:* But we are, here ſpeaking only of the lower Claſs of People in each County, and that theſe have in ſeveral Parts of England a more uncouth and barbarous Jargon than the worſt among the Devonians, might be eaſily ſhewn: *Let* it ſuffice to give an Inſtance in the following Specimen of the *Lancaſhire* Dialect, tranſcribed from a Dialogue therein, which was publiſhed in 1746.

M. "Odds Fiſh; boh that wur breve——I wou'd I'd bin eh y "re Kele."

T. "Whau whau, boh theawſt hear——It wur dree wey tooto; "heawe'er I geet thee to ſuſe o'clock, on before eh opp'nt dur, I "covet Nip with the cleawt, or eh droy meh neſe weh, t' let him "ſee heaw I ſtoart her:——Then I opp'nt dur; on whot te dule "duſt think, boh three little Bandyhewits coom weaughing os if "th' little ewals wou'd o worrit me, on after that ſwallut me whick: "Boh preſently there coom o fine wummon; on I took her for a "hoo Juſtice, hoor ſo meety fine: For I heard Ruchott o' Jack's "tell meh Meaſter, that hoo Juſtice awlus did th' mooaſt o' th' "wark: Heawe'er, I axt hur if Mr. Juſtice wur o wheam; hoo "cou'd naw opp'n hur meawth t' ſey eigh, or now; boh ſimpurt "on ſed iſs, (Dickons iſs hur on him too)—Sed I, I wudyid'n "tell him I'd ſene ſpeyk to him:——"

The

The Reader muſt be left to judge, on a Compariſon of this with any Part of the *Exmoor Language*, which of the two has the moſt Barbariſms. Perhaps he will want an Interpreter to inform him, that "Kele" means "Place" or "Circumſtance;"—that "Dree way" denotes a "long and tedious way;"—that "Stort" means "valued;"—that Bandyhewits" are "little Dogs;"—that "Hoo" ſtands for "She;"—and "Wudyid'n" is "wiſh you would;"—and unleſs thus explained, may be apt to think it little more intelligible than the Buckinghamſhire Farmer's Speech, "I ken a Steg gobblin at our "Leer Door;" which few beſides his Countrymen would gueſs to mean: "I ſee a Gander feeding at our Barn-door."——But to trouble our Readers with no further Obſervations on this Subject here, we muſt refer them for further Particulars to the Vocabulary and Notes, ſubmitting the Whole to their candid Cenſure.

Exeter, January 1788.

AN

Exmoor SCOLDING.

Thomaſin. LOCK! Wilmot, vor why vor did'ſt roily zo upon ma up to Challacomb Row!?—Ees dedent thenk tha had'ſt a be' zich a Labb o' tha Tongue.——What a Vengence! wart betwatled, or wart tha baggaged;——or had'ſt tha took a Shord, or a paddled?

Wilmot. I roily upon tha, ya gurt, thonging, banging, muxy Drawbreech?—Noa 'twas thee roiled upon me up to Daraty Vogwill's Upzitting, whan tha vung'ſt to, (and be hang'd to tha!) to Rabbin.—'Shou'd zem tha wart zeck arter Me-at and Me-al.—And zo tha merſt, by ort es know, wey guttering; as gutter tha wutt whan tha com'ſt to good Tackling.—But ſome zed "Shoor and ſhoor tha did'ſt bet make wiſe, to zee "nif the young Joſy Heaff-field wou'd come to zlack "thy Boddize, and whare a wou'd be O vore or no." ——Bet 'twas thy old Diſyeaſe, Chun.

Thomaſin. Hey go! What Diſyeaſe deſt me-an, ya gurt dugged-tail'd, ſwapping, rouſing Blowze? Ya gurt Roile, tell ma. Tell ma a zey, what Diſyeaſe deſt me-an?—Ad! chell ream my Heart to tha avore iſe let tha lipped.—Chell tack et out wi' tha to tha true Ben, fath! Tell ma a zey, what Diſyeaſe deſt me-an that tha zeſt cham a troubled wey?

Wilmot. Why; ya purting, tatchy, ſtertling, jowering, prinking, mincing Theng, chell tell tha what Diſyeaſe

Diſyeaſe. Is dedn't me-an the Bone-ſhave *, ner the Heartgun, ner the Allernbatch that tha had'ſt in thy Niddick. 'Tes better twar: Vor than Ount Annis Moreman could ha bleſſed vore, and net ha' pomſter'd about et, as Moather ded.

Thomaſin. What Diſyeaſe than, ya gurt Haggage?

Wilmot. Why, e'er zince tha wart Twonty, ay Zewnteen, and avore, tha had'ſt a be' troubled wey the Doul vetch tha.

Thomaſin. What's me-an by that, ya long-hanjed Meazle? Diſt hire ma? Tha call'ſt ma ſtertling Roil now-reert.—How ded'ſt Thee ſtertlee upon the Zeſs laſt Harveſt wey the young Dick Vrogwill, whan George Vuzz putch'd?—He told ma the whole Fump o' th' Beſneze.

Wilmot. O! the very Vengence tear tha!—Deſt thee tell me o' Dick Vrogwill?—Why thee art in a Ninniwatch e'ery other Torn, nif zo be tha deſt bet zet Zert in Harry Vurſdon.

Thomaſin. How! ya gurt chounting, grumbling, glumping, zower-zapped, yerring Traſh!

Wilmot. Don't tell me o'glumping: Oll the Neighbourhooden knoweth thee to be a veaking, blazing, tiltiſh Huſſey.

Thomaſin. And thee art a crewnting, querking, yeavy, dugged-yeſs, chockling Baggage.

Wilmot. Net zo chockling, ner et zo crewnting, as thee art, a colting Hobby-horſe! Nif tha deſt bet go down

* The Bone-ſhave (a Word perhaps no-where uſed or underſtood in Devonſhire but in the Neighbourhood of Exmoor) means the Sciatica; and the Exmoorians, when afflicted therewith uſe the following Charm to be freed from it:—The Patient muſt lie on his Back on the Bank of the River or Brook of Water, with a ſtraight Staff by his Side, between him and the Water; and muſt have the following Words repeated over him, viz.

"Bone-ſhave right;
"Bone-ſhave ſtraight;
"As the Water runs by the Stave,
"Good for Bone-ſhave."

They are not to be perſuaded but that this ridiculous Form of Words ſeldom fails to give them a perfect Cure.

down in the Paddick, to ſtroke the Kee, thee wut come all a gerred, and oll horry zo vurs tha art a vorked; ya gerred-teal'd, panking, hewſtring Meazel!—The art lick a ſkittiſh Sture jeſt a yooked. Tha woulſt boſt any keendeſt Theng, tha art zo vore-reet, nif Vauther dedn't ha-ape tha.

Thomaſin. Ay, ay! Keſter Moreman wou'd ha be hove up, nif zo be a had a had tha; a toteling, wambling, zlottering, zart-and-vair-yheat-ſtool.

Wilmot. Ay, and zo wou'd tha young George Vuzz, mun, whan a had a had a rubbacock, rouzeabout, platvooted, zidlemouth'd Swaſhbucket.—Pitha deſt thenk enny Theng will e'er vittee or gooddee wey zich a whatnozed, haggle-tooth'd, ſtare-baſon, timerſome, rixy, wapper-ee'd Theng as thee art?

Thomaſin. Deſt hire ma? Oll the Crime o' the Country goth, that wan tha liv'd up to tha Cot, tha wart the Old Roger Hill's Under Bed-blonket. And more 'an zo, that tha wart a chittering, raving, racing, bozzom-chuck'd, rigging, lonching, haggaging Moil.

Wilmot. How! ya confounded Trapes! Tell me enny more o' Roger Hill's-Bed blonket, ad! chell pull the Poll o' tha; chell plim tha, chell vulch tha. Looks zee,—Rager Hill es as honeſt a Man as any in Challacomb;—no Diſpreiſe.

Thomaſin. And do thee tell me o' ſtertling upon the Zeſs, whan George Vuzz putch'd, chell g' tha a Lick;—chell lay tha over the Years wey the Vire-tangs. Ad! chell ting tha. Thy buzzom Chucks were pretty vittee avore tha mad'ſt thyzel therle, and thy Vleſh oll wangery, and thy Skin oll vlagged, with nort bet Agging, and Veaking, and Tiltiſhneſs.

Wilmot. Bed-blonket akether *! Ha! zey zich a Word more chell cotton thy Waiſtcoat. Chell thong tha, chell gi' tha zich a ſtrait in the Chops ‡, ya Grizzledemundy.

* Akether! means Quoth he! or Quoth her! ‡ Chups or Chucks, the Cheeks.

Thomaſin. Me a Strait in the Chups? Deſt hire ma? Come aneeſt me, chell pummel tha, chell vag tha, chell lace tha.

Wilmot. Thee lace ma? Chem a laced well-a-fine aready.——Zey wone Word more, and chell breſh tha, chell tan tha, chell make thy Boddize pilmee.

Thomaſin. How a Man a zed! make my Boddize pilmee? Ad! if e'er tha ſqueakeſt wone word more o' tha Bed-blonket, chell trim tha, chell crown tha, chell vump tha.

Wilmot. Why dedſt thee, than, tell me o' the Zeſs, or it of the Hay-pook, as tha deſt whileer?—Chell drub tha, chell curry thy ſcabbed Yeſs var tha.

Thomaſin. And why dedſt thee, than, tell me 'Iſterday o' loſing my Rewden Ha in the Rex-buſh, out a worting? And more and zo, that the young Tom Vuzz ſhou'd le-ave he's Cod-glove!—Ad! zey a word more o' the young Tom Vuzz, chell baſte tha, chell ſtram tha, chell daſh tha;—chell make thy Kepp hoppee, wi' thy Vlanders Lace upon't.

Wilmot. Vlanders Lace! What's me-an by that, ha-ah? Tell me enny more o' Vlanders Lace, chell make thy Yead addle. Chell up wi' ma Veeſt, and gi' tha a Wiſterpoop, and zich a Zwop as ſhall make tha veel ma, looks zee!

Thomaſin. Gi' me a Zwop?—Ad! chell gi' tha a Wherret, or a zlat in the Chups,—or up wi' thy dugged Coats, and tack tha gre-aſy Yeſs o' tha.

Wilmot. The tack me, ya unlifty, ill-hearty, untidy Mea-zle?—Andra wou'd ha' had a Trub in tha, nif Vauther hadent a ſtrad the Match.

Thomaſin. How Dem! a Trub?——Go, ye rearing, ſnapping, tedious, cutting Snibblenoſe! ——Th' art olways a vuſtled up in an old Jump, or a Whittle, or an old Seggard, avore zich Times as Neckle Halſe comath about:——Than tha wut prinkee.——Thee haſt a let the Kee go zoo vor want o' ſtrocking. It a vore oll * th' art an abomination Pinchvart vor thy own Eends.

* It (or Eet) a vore all, means, Yet notwithſtanding.

Eends.——Ay, ay! Shoort, Wilmot, ſhoort!——Zwer thy Torn, or elſe tha tedſt net carry whome thy Pad, and meet Neckle Halſe by tha Wey.——He'll meet tha in the Vuzzy-Park Coander by Cockleert, or avore, chell warndy.

Wilmot Tell ma one Word more o' Neckle Halſe chell ſkull tha, tha haſſent a be' a ſkull'd zo vor wone while. Ya gurt Fuſtilugs! The Old Mag Dawkins es bet a Huckmuck to tha. Zet tha about ort, why, tha deſt Things vore-en-back, a cat-hammer'd, a vore-reert, and vramp-ſhaken, like a Totle.

Thomaſin. How! ya long-hanged Trapes! Ya blow monger Baarge! Thee wut coal-varty a-bed * avore be voor days. Tha'rt ſo deeve as a Haddick in chongy Weather. Or whan 'tes avore or a ſcratcht the le-aſt Theng out, or whan ſnewth, or blunketh, or doveth, or in ſcatty Weather, or in a tingling Vroſt, than tha art thicklifted, and be hang'd to tha.

Wilmot. And thee art a lams'd in wone o' thy Yearms, and caſſent zee a Sheen in thy Reart Ee.

Thomaſin. Rex-buſh!—Fath! tell me o' tha Rex-buſh, ye teeheeing Pixy'—Es marl who's more vor Rigging or Rumping, Steehopping or Ragrowtering, Giggleting, or Gambowling than thee art thy zel.——Pitha deſt'nt remember whan tha com'ſt over tha Clam wi' tha Old Hugh Hoſegood, whan tha Wawter was by Stave, how tha vel'ſt in, and the Old Hugh drade thee out by tha vorked Eend, wi' thy dugged Clathers up zo vur as thy Na'el, whan tha wart juſt a bubbled?

Wilmot. Lock! deſt dwallee, or tell doil?——Pitha tell reaznable, or hold thy Popping, ya gurt Waſha-mouth.

So ends the firſt Bout.

* Coal-varty a-bed, to warm the Bed with a Scotch Warming-pan; that is, with Half a Farthing.

AN

Exmoor SCOLDING.

BOUT the SECOND.

Wilmot. DIST hire ma, Dem? Chell ha tether Vinny wi' tha.—Tha told'ſt ma now-reert, or a whilere, of Rigging and Rumping, Steehopping and Ragrowtering, Giggleting and Gamboyling. What's me-an by thate? But thee, thee wut ruckee, and ſquattee, and doattee in the Chimney Coander lick an Axwaddle; and wi' the zame tha wut rakee up, and gookee, and tell doil, tell Dildrams and Buckingham Jenkins.—Ay, ay, poor Andra Vurſdon wud ha' had, a rig-mutton Rumpſtall in tha, nif tad net ha be' ſtrat. A wud ha' had a coad, riggelting, parbeaking, piping Body in tha! olway wone Glam or nether. And more an zo, there's no Direct to hot tha tell'ſt. Tha wut feb et heartily. Na, thee wut lee a Rope up-reert *. Chad a moſt a burſt my Guts wi' laughing, whan's *zee'd* tha whilere trapſee hum from tha Yeoanna Lock, thy Shoes oll beſh—, thy *Hozen* muxy up *zo* vurs thy Gammerels to tha very Huckſheens o' tha, thy Gore Coat oll a girred, thy Aead-Clathing oll o' fouſt; thy Waiſtcoat oll horry, and thy Pancrock a kiver'd wi' Briſs and Buttons.

Thomaſin.

* To lie a Rope upright, contains a Pun on the Word *Lie*, and means the telling ſuch a *Lie* as implies a Contradiction in itſelf; or what is as impoſſible to be true, as for a Rope which lies on the Ground to ſtand upright at the ſame Time.

Thomaſin. Why thare *zo!* Bet diſt net thee thenk ya long-hanged Trapes, that the young Joſy Yeaff-field wud ha' be' plaſed, when ha had *zitch* a crewdling Theng as thee art? Eart lunging, eart ſquatting upon thy tether End. Zey ort to tha, why tha wut twitch up thy Tail, and draw up thy *Noaze*, and take Owl o', or take Pip o'. Nif won *zey* the le-aſt Theng out, tha wut purtee a Zennet arter.

Wilmot. How, Huſſey! ya confounded Traſh! Diſt remember when tha wentſt out in the Vuzzy-Park, in tha Deſk o' tha Yeaveling, juſt in the Dimmet, wi' tha young Humphrey Hoſegood,—and how ha mullad and ſoulad about tha? Ha bed tha zet down;—and tha zedſt' tha woulſt net, nif a dedent blow tha down. Zo ha blow'd and down tha valſt. Who ſhud be heard by (vor 'twas in the Dimmet) bet tha Square's Bealy,—and vorewey ha' cry'd out that "Oll Wina-"valls belongad to's Meaſter." Wi tha zame tha ſpletteſt away—down tha Pennet—hilter ſkilter—as if tha Dowl had ha' be' in tha Heels o' tha.

Thomaſin. Oh the Dowl ſplet tha! who told theckee Strammer?

Wilmot. Why, twos thee thy own zel up to ſtooling o' Terra's.

Thomaſin. Oh! a Plague confound tha! deſt tha thenk ees ded tell't to tha to ha' et a drode vore agen? Well 'tes well a fine.—Es can drow vore worſe Spalls than thet to thee:—Ad! es cud rep tha up.

Wilmot. What a Doul, and be hang'd to tha, canſt tha drow vore to me

Thomaſin. How many Times have es a hoard tha, and a zeed tha pound Savin, to make Metcens, and Leckers, and Caucheries, and Zlotters?——Tes good to know vor why vor.

Wilmot. Oh! a Plague rat tha!——Ya mulligrub Gurgin! ya ſhug *Meazle!*—Th'art good vor nort bet a Gapes-neſt.—A gottering hawchamouth Theng!—Whan tha com'ſt to good Tackling, thee wutt pochee, and hawchee, and ſcrumpee; tha wut net look vor Lathing

Lathing, chell warndy; and nif et be Loblolly, tha wet ſlop et oll up,

Thomaſin. How a Man a Zed! How dedſt thee poochee and hawchee, and ſcrumpee, whan tha young Zaunder Vurſdon and thee ſtey'd up oll tha Neert a roaſting o' Taties? pritch tha vor me!——Why, than tha wut be a prilled, or a muggard, a Zennet out-reert, and more an zo, thee wut rowcaſt, nif et be thy own Vouthe. Nif tha beeſt a Zeen to Vield wi' tha Drenking, or ort, to the Voaken, whare they be ſhooling o' Beat, handbeeating, or angle-bowing *, nif tha com'ſt athert Rager Hoſegood, tha wut lackee an overwhile avore tha com'ſt, and ma be net trapeſee hum avore the Deſk o' the Yeavling, ya blow-monger Ba-arge! Oll vor palching about to hire Lees to vine-dra Voaks. Whan tha goaſt to tha melking o' tha Kee, in tha *Vuzzy*-Park, thee wut come oll a dugged, and thy Shoes oll mux, and thy Whittle oll beſh—. Tha wut let tha Cream-chorn be oll horry ‡, and let the Melk be buckard in buldering Weather.

Wilmot.

* Angle-bowing, a method of fencing the Grounds wherein Sheep are kept, by fixing Rods like Bows with both Ends in the Ground, (or in a dead Hedge) where they make Angles with each other, ſomewhat like the following Figure.

‡ Horry— for Hoary, mouldy or ſinew'd.—Vid. Shakeſpeare's Romeo and Juliet; where Mercutio puns upon the Words Hare and Hoar:——

Mercutio. —————————— So-ho!
Romeo. What haſt thou found?
Mercutio. No Hare, Sir, unleſs a Hare, Sir, in a *Lenten* Pie,
That is ſomewhat ſtale and hoar e'er it be ſpent.——
An old Hare hoar, and an old Hare hoar, is very good Meat in *Lent*;
But a Hare that is hoar, is too much for a Score,
When it hoars e'er it be ſpent.————

‡ Horry alſo ſignifies foul and filthy; (ſee the *Vocabulary*) and, perhaps, this is the true Meaning here.

Wilmot. Tell me o' Rager Hoſegood, chell make thy Kep hoppee.—Ay, ay, es marl hot to tha Vengance the young Zaunder Vurſdon wud ha had a do wi' tha, nif ha had a had tha. Vor why? Tha haſt no Stroil ner Docity, no Vittineſs in enny keendeſt Theng.—Tha cortſt tha natted Yeo now-reert, or bet leetle rather, laping o'er the Yoanna Lock: (Chell tell Vauther o't zo Zoon es ha cometh hum vrom Angle-bowing, don't queſſon't). Hot ded tha Yeo do, whan tha had'ſt a cort en by tha heend Legs o'en—(but vurſt ha button'd;—'tes a Marl ted net a valled into tha Pancrock, as a uzed to do); but thof a ded viggee, and potee, and towſee, and tervee, and louſtree, and ſpudlee and wriggled, and pawed, and wraxled, and twined, and rattled, and teared, vig, vig, vig, vig, yeet rather than tha wudſt ha' enny more Champ, and Holſter, and Tanbaſt wi'en, tha tokſt en, and deſt wetherly boſt tha neck o'en.

Thomaſin. And nif tha deſt pick Prates upon ma, and tell Vauther o', chell tell a zweet Rabble-rote upon thee, looks zee. Vor when tha ſhud'ſt be about tha Yeavling's Chuers, tha wut ſpuddle out tha Yemors, and ſcreedle over mun: And more and zo, tha wut roily eart upon wone, and eart upon another, zet Voaks to bate, lick a gurt Baarge as tha art: And than Gefter Radger Sherwell he muſt qualify't agen. When tha art zet agog, tha deſent caree who tha ſculleſt: 'Twos olways thy Uze; and chem agaſt tha wut zo vore thy Een. Tha haſt the very Daps o' thy old Ount Sybyl Moreman upazet.

Wilmot. Why, ya gurt Roil, chant zo bad's thee. Thee wut ha' a Hy to enny Keſſen Soul. Than tha wut chocklee, and bannee, and blazee, and roundſhave enny body that deth bet zey Ay to tha. Tha wudſt buy tha Cot up to Town rather than thy Live, but tha haſſent tha wharewey; and tha wud'ſt kiſs the Yeſs of George Hoſegood to ha'en; but tha haſſent tha Why for Ay.

Thomaſin. How! ya gurt mulligrub Gurgin?

Wilmot. And thee art a long-hanged blow-monger

Baarge

Baarge vor telling me o' Neckle Halſe, and tha Square's Bealey, and the Zeſs.

Thomaſin. And thee art a convounded Traſh vor telling me of an Under Bed-blonket, and o'pounding Savin, and making Caucheries and Zlotters wi't. Tha' art a Beagle, Chun, pritch tha! vor anether Trick. Chad et in my Meend, and zo chave ſtill. Bet chawnt drow et out bevore tha begin'ſt agen, and than chell.

Wilmot. Heigo! Mrs. Hi-go-ſhit! a Beagle? and hot art thee? tha wut drew, and hen, and ſlat.—Slat tha Podgers, ſlat tha Crock, ſlat tha Keeve and tha Jibb, boſt tha Cloam. Tha haſt a moſt a ſtinned e'ery earthly Theng in the Houz. Abſleutly tha art bygaged. Ay, ay, Ount Magery was Death the near vor tha. Her moort ha' vet et, nif zo be tha hadſt net let her totee up and down zo ort.

Thomaſin. Why there low! Baggaged! And hot dedſt thee do bet jeſt now-reert? Tha henſt along thy Torn, tha wud'ſt ha' borſt en to Shivers, nif chad net a vung en, and pung'd en back agen. Than tha wut ſnappy, and than tha wut canisſlee, and than tha wut bloggy.

Wilmot. And hot art thee? A brocking Mungrel, a ſkulking Mea-zel!—And ett a vor oll * good vor nort bet ſcolle, avore tha art a hozed that tha caſt ſcarce yeppy. Petha, deſt thenk enny Theng will goodee or vittee wi' enny zich a Trub es thee art,—tha deſt net caree to zey thy Praers?—bet—wet ſtrammee, and fibbee, and blazee, and bannee: And more an zo, wut coltee, and riggee wi' enny Troluber tha comath athert tha. And whan tha deſt zey mun 'tis bet whilſt tha art ſcrubbing, hewſtring, and rittling abed. And, nif by gurt Hap tha deſt zey mun at oll, thy Marrabones ſhan't kneelee,—thof tha caſt ruckee well-a-fine.—'Tes a Marl if e'er tha comſt to Hewn only to zey men; zence tha ne'er zeſt men, chell warndy, but whan tha art half azlape, half dozy, or ſcrubbing o' thy ſcabbed Yeſs, whan tha art a coal-varting abed ‡, ya gurt Lollipot!—Tha haſn't tha Senſe to ſtile thy own Dreſſing.

Vor

* See Note in Page 12. ‡ See Note in Page 13

Vor why, et 'twul zet arter tha, ether antlebeer lick tha Dorns of a Door, or wotherway twull zet along or weewow, or oll a puckering. Tha zetſt twos ſqelſtring and whot while'er. Ad! tha wet be mickled and a-ſteeved wi' tha Cold vore 'Tandra's Tide, Chun, nif tha deſt net buy tha a new Whittle.

Thomaſin. Why, ya gurt Kickhammer Baggage! thee art good vor no Sauze. Tha wut net break the Cantle-bone o' thy 'tother Eend wi' cheuring, chell warndy; tha wut net take et zo vreache, ya ſauntering Tro-ant!

Wilmot. Higo! ſauntering Tro-ant than! vor why vore deſt tell wone, than, o' tha Rex-buſh, and tha Hey-pook, and the Zeſs?

Thomaſin. And why vore deſt thee drow vore zetch Spalls to me?—Go pey tha Score vor tha Lecker tha haſt a had zo ort in thy Teening Bottle.——There's a Rumple, Chun!

Wilmot. Nif tha young George Hoſegood had a had tha, ha murt a hozed in a little Time. Ha wud zoon ha' be' condiddled.——It avore oll, avore Voak, tha wut luſtree, and towzee, and chewree, and bucklee, and tear, make wiſe as any body paſſeth; and out of Zeert a ſpare Toatle in enny keendeſt Theng.

Thomaſin. Why, thare's Odds betwe' Sh—ng and Tearing wone's Yeſs. Wone muſt net olweys be a booſtering, muſt a?—But thee,—thee wut ſteehoppy, and colty, and hobby, and riggy wi' enny Keſſon Zoul: Oll vor whiſtering and piſtering, and hoaling, and halzening, or cuſſing a Tale.

Wilmot. Ad! tell me o' hobbing and rigging, chell vlee to tha Kepp o' tha. [*Pulls her poll.*

Thomaſin. Oh!—Oh!—Mo-ather!—Mo-ather!—Murder!—Oh! Mo-ather!—Her hath a chuck'd ma wi' tha Chingſtey.—Ees verly bleive es ſhall ne'er vet et.——And nif's don't vet et, looks zee, in a Twelve month and a Dey, Cuzzen Keſter Broom ſhall zee tha a treſt up 'o Ground.—He ſhall zee tha zwinged, fath!

Enter the Old JULIAN MOREMAN.

Julian. Labbe, labbe, Soze, labbe.—Gi' o'er, gi'

o'er: * Tamzen, and thee be olweys wother agging or veaking, gawing or ſherking, blazing or racing, kerping or ſpeaking cutted, chittering or drowing vore o' Spalls, purting or ghowering, yerring or chounting, taking Owl o' wone Theng or Pip o' t'ather, chockling or poochˉing, ripping up or roundſhaving wone t'ether, ſtivering or grizzeling, tacking or buſking, a prill'd or a muggard, blogging or glumping, rearing or ſnapping, vrom Candle-douting to Candle-teening in tha Yeaveling,— gurt Hap elſe.

So ends the SCOLDING.

* Speaking to *Wilmot*, who had pulled *Thomaſin*'s Cap.

A N

Exmoor COURTSHIP;

OR, A

SUITORING DISCOURSE

IN THE

Devonſhire DIALECT and MODE,

NEAR THE

FOREST of *EXMOOR.*

The PERSONS.

ANDREW MOREMAN, *a young Farmer.*

MARGERY VAGWELL, *his Sweetheart.*

OLD GRAMMER NELL, *Grammer to* MARGERY.

THOMASIN, *Siſter to* MARGERY.

A N

AN

Exmoor COURTSHIP.

SCENE MARGERY'S Home.

To MARGERY *enter* ANDREW.

Andrew. HOW geeth et, Cozen Magery?

Margery. Hoh! Cozen Andra, how d'ye try?

Andrew. Come, let's ſhake Honds, thof Kiſſing be ſcarce.

Margery. Kiſſing's plenty enow; but chud zo leefe kiſs tha Back o' ma Hond, as e'er a Man in Challacomb, or eet in Paracomb; no Diſpreize.

Andrew. Es don't believe thate *, and eet es believe well too. [*Swop! he kiſſes and ſmuggles her. Margery.*

* Thate is the proper Word here, according to the Exmoor Dialect; though Thek was in the former Editions improperly inſerted inſtead thereof. 'Tis true the Word Thek, as well as Thickee or Thecka, is (generally but not always uſed for That, when it is a Pronoun Demonſtrative: but never when it is a Pronoun Relative, or a Conjunction, in which Caſes Thet or Thate is the Word uſed. The Devonians however in their Diſtinction between Theck or Theckee, and That, do not altogether conform to that which our Saxon Anceſtors made between Thylic or Thylc, (whence the Scotch Thilk) Thyllice or Thylce, *hic & hæc talis*, and their That or Thaet, by which they commonly expreſſed *id*, *illum*, *illud*, *iſtud*, *hoc*, *iſtoc*, &c. The Devonſhire Uſe of theſe Words may be exemplified by the following Phraſes:

—— "Hot's thet tha zeſt? What a gurt *Lee* es thate! The Man "thet told tha thecka Story, thof' a murt zey theeze Theng and "thicky, whan a had a Parwobble weth tha, to make hes Tale "hang vittily together, cou'dn't bleeve et 'es own zell; Shore "and ſhore, thek Man ſhou'd a' had the Whitſtone."

This is the proper Exmoorian *Language*, and in plain Engliſh runs thus:

"What's

Margery. Hemph!—Oh! the vary Vengeance out o' tha! Tha haſt a creem'd ma Yearms, and a morſt a burſt ma Neck.—Well, bet, vor oll, how doſt try, ees zay, Cozen Andra? Ees hant a zee'd ye a gurt while.

Andrew. Why, fath, Cozen Magery, nort marchantable, ee'r zince es ſcorſt a Tack or two wey Rager Vrogwell t'ather Day.—Bet zugs! es trem'd en, and vag'd en zo, that he'll veel et vor wone while, chell warndy.

Margery. How, Cozen Andra! Why ees thort ee coudent a vort zo.

Andrew. Why, 'twos oll about thee, mun;——vor es chan't hire an eel Word o' tha.

Margery. How! about me!——Why, why vore about me, good zweet now?——Of a Ground ha can zay no harm by ma.

Andrew. Well, well, no Matter. Es cou'den hire tha a run down, and a roilad upon zo, and zet ſtill leke a Mumchance, and net pritch en vor't.

Margery. Why, whot, and be hang'd to en, cou'd a zey o' me, a gurt Meazel?

Andrew.

"What's that thou ſayeſt? What a great *Lye* is that! The Man who told thee that Story, though he might ſay this and that Thing when he held a Parley (or Conference) with thee, the better to connect and embelliſh his Tale, could not believe it himſelf: Verily and indeed that Man ſhould have had the Whetſtone."

And here it may be requiſite to obſerve, that the Whetſtone is deemed a proper preſent for a notorious *Liar*, one who has aſſerted the Truth of an incredible Story, by way of Alluſion to the following Anecdote, from whence we learn the real Origin thereof:

"Two Journeymen Shoemakers working together in the ſame Shop, in or near Exeter, had a Diſpute concerning their Property in a Whetſtone, (a neceſſary Implement of theirs) each claiming it as their own: At length it was propoſed that he of the two that could tell the greateſt *Lie*, in the Judgment of a third Perſon then preſent, to whoſe Deciſion it was referred, ſhould have the Whetſtone to his own Uſe: This being agreed to, the One to make ſure of it aſſerted, that he once drove a Nail through the Moon; the other readily acknowledged this to be true, ſwearing that he at the ſame Time ſtood on the other Side of the Moon and clinch'd it. Upon which this latter was immediately adjudged to have an indiſputable Title to the Whetſtone.——Hence the Whetſtone came to be deemed a proper preſent for a notorious *Liar*; and hence every great *Lye*, when intended to corroborate another, is called a Clincher."

Andrew. Es begit tha Words now;—bet ha roilad zo, that es cou'dent bear et.—Bet a deden't looze his Labour, fath; vor es toz'd en, es lamb'd en, es lace'd en, es thong'd en, es drafh'd en, es drumm'd en, es tann'd en to the true Ben, fath: Bet ftap! cham avore ma Story.——Zes I, Thee! thee art a pretty Vella! Zes he, Gar! thee caften't make a pretty Vella o' ma. ——No agar, zes I, vor th' art too ugly to be made a pretty Vella, that's true enow. Gar, ha wos woundy mad thoa *.——Chell try thek, zes he.—As zoon's tha wut, zes I.——Zo up ha roze, and to't we went. ——Vurft ha geed ma a Whifterpoop under tha Year, and vorewey ha geed ma a Vulch in tha Leer.——Add, then ees rakad up, and tuck en be tha Collar, and zo box'd en, and zlapp'd en, that es made hes Kep hoppy, and hes Yead addle to en.

Margery. Well, ees thank ye, Cozen Andra, vor taking wone's Peart zo.—Bet cham ageft eell go vor a Warrant vor ye, and take ye bevore tha Cunfabel; and than ye may be bound over, and be vorft to g'in to Exter to Zizes; and than ha may zwear tha Peace of es, you know.—Es en et better to drink Vriends and make et up?

Andrew Go vor a Warrant! Ad! let en, let en go; chell not hinder en: Vor there's Tom Vuzz can take hes cornoral Oath that he begun vurft.———And if ha do's, chell ha' as good a Warrant vor he, as he can vor me, don't queffon et: Vor the Turney into Moulton knows me, good now, and has had zome zweet Pounds o' Veather bevore ha dy'd. And if he's a meended to go to La, es can fpend Vorty or Vifty Shillings as well's he. And zo let en go, and whipe whot ha zets upon o' Zendeys w' hes Warrant. Bet hang en, let's ha' nort more to zey about en; vor chave better Bezneze in Hond a gurt deal.

[*He takes hold of her, and paddles in her Neck and Bofom.*

Margery. Come, be quite;—be quite, ees zay, a grab bling

* Tho or Thoa is uſed for Then when ſpoken of Time paſt; but Than when refrred to Time future.

grabbling o' wone's Tetties.—Ees won't ha' ma Tetties a grabbled zo; ner ees wont zo be mullad and ſoulad.—— Stand azide; come gi'o'er.

Andrew. Lock, lock! how ſkittiſh we be now! yow weren't ſo ſkittiſh wey Keſter Hoſegood up to *Daraty Vuzz*'s Up-zetting.—No, no, yow weren't zo ſkittiſh thoa, ner zo ſqueameſh nether.—He murt mully and ſoully tell ha wos weary.

Margery. Ees believe the vary Dowl's in Voke vor leeing.

Andrew. How! zure and zure you won't deny et wull ye, whan oll tha Voaken took Noteze o' et?

Margery. Why, Cozen Andra, thes wos the whole Fump o' the Bezneze.—Chaw'r in wey en to donce; and whan tha Donce was out, tha Crowd cry'd ſqueak, ſqueak, ſqueak, (as ha uzeth to do you know) and a cort ma about tha Neck, and wouden't be a zed, bet a woud kiſs ma, in ſpite o' ma, do what ees coud to hender en. ——Ees coud a borſt tha' croud in Shivers, and tha Crowder too, a foul ſlave as ha wos, and hes Veddle-ſtick into tha Bargen.

Andrew. Well, well, es b'ent angry, mun.—And zo let's kiſs and Vriends. [*Kiſſes her.*] Well, bet, Cozen Magery, oll thes while es han't told tha my Arrant;—and chave on over Arrant to tha, mun.

Margery. [*Simpering.*] Good ſweet now, whot Arrant es et? Ees marl whot Arrant ee can ha' to me.

Andrew. Why, vath, chell tell tha. Whot zignavies et to mence tha Matter? 'Tes thes, *bolus nolus* wut ha ma?

Margery. Ha' ma? Whot's thate? Ees can't tell whot ya me-an by thate.

Andrew. Why, than, chell tell tha vlat and plean. Yow know es kep Challacomb-Moor in hond; 'tes vull ſtatad: But cham to chonge a Live vor dree Yallow-beels. And than there's tha Lant up to Parracomb Town: And whan es be to Parracomb, es muſt ha' wone that es can treſt to look arter tha gerred-tail'd Meazels, and to zar tha Ilt and tha Barra, and Melk tha Kee to Challacomb, and to look arter tha Thengs of tha Houze.

Margery.

Margery. O Varjuice! Why, Cozen Andra, a good ſteddy Zarrant can do oll thes.

Andrew. Po, po, po! chell treſt no Zarrants.—And more an zo, than they'll zey by me, as they ded by Gaffer Hill t'ather Day: They made two Beds, and ded g'in to wone.—No, no, es ban't zo mad nether.—Well, bet look, deſt zee, Cozen Magery; zo vur vore es tha wut ha' ma, chell put thy Live 'pon Parracomb Down. 'Tes wor twanty Nobles a Year, and a Purſe to put min in.

Margery O vile! whot, marry?—No; chant ha' tha beſt man in Challacomb, ner eet in Parracomb. Na, chell ne'er marry, vor ort's know. No, no; they zey thare be more a marry'd aready than can boil tha Crock o' Zendeys.—No, no, Cozen Andra; es coud amorſt ſwear chudent ha tha beſt Squaer in oll Ingland.—Bet come; prey, Cozen Andra, zet down a bit. Es muſt g' up in Chamber, and ſpeak a Word or two wey Ziſter *Tamzin.* Hare's darning up old blankets, and rearting tha Peels, and ſnapping 'o Vleas.—Ees'll come agen prezently.

Andrew. Well, do than; bet make Haſte, d'ye zee.—Me-an time chell read o'er the new Ballet chave in ma Pocket.

Margery. New Ballet! O good now, let's hire ye zing et up.

Andrew. Zing! No, no; 'tes no zinging Ballet, mun; bet 'tes a godly wone, good now.

Margery. Why, whot's't about, than?

Andrew. Why, 'tes about a Boy that kill'd his Veather; and how hes Veather went agen, in Shape of a gurt voul Theng, wi' a cloven Voot, and Vlaſhes o' Vire, and troubled tha Houſe zo, that tha Whatjecomb, tha Whit Witch, was vorſt to lay en in the red-Zea; and how tha Boy repented, and went deſtracted, and wos taken up, and was hang'd vor't and zung Saums, and zed his Prayers. 'Twull do your heart good to hire et, and make you cry lick enny Theng. Thare's tha Picture o'en too, and tha Parſon, and tha Dowl, and tha Ghoſt, and tha Gallows.

Margery. Bet es et true, be zure?

Andrew.

Andrew. True! O La! Yes yes; es olweys look to that. Look's zee; 'tes here in Prent—**Liſſen'd according to Order.*—That's olweys prented on what es true mun. —Es took care to zee that when es bort 'en.

Margery. Well, well, read et;——and chell g'up 'o Zeſter.

SCENE the Chamber.

To TAMZIN enter MARGERY.

Margery. OH; zeſter *Tamzen*!—Odd! ee es a come along, and fath and trath hath a put vore the Queſſon to ma a ready.—Ees very b'lieve tha Banes wull g' in next Zindey.—'Tes oll es ho' ‡ vor.—Bet es tell en, *Marry a-kether!* and tell en downreert es chant marry tha beſt Man in *Sherwill*-hundred.—Bet deſt hire ma, ziſter *Tamzin*?—Don'tee be a Labb o' tha Tongue in what cham a going to zey, and than chell tell tha zometheng.—The Banes, cham a'moſt zure, wull g'in other a Zindey or Zindey-zenneert to vurdeſt. E's not abo' Two and Twonty;—a ſpicy Vella, and vitty Vella vor enny keendeſt Theng.—Thee know'ſt *Jo Hoſegood* es reckon'd a vitty Vella: Poo! ees a zooterly Vella to *Andra;* thare's no compare.

Thomaſin. Go, ya wicked Countervit! Why deſt lee zo agenſt tha Meend; and whan ha put vore tha Queſſon tell en tha wudſtn't marry?—Bezides, zo vur as know'ſt, ha murt take Pip o', and meach off, and come no more anearſt tha.

Margery. Go, yow Alkitole! yow gurt vulleſh Trapes! Deſt thee thenk ee believed ma, whan ees zed chudn't marry? Ee es net zo zart-a-baked nether. Vor why? Ees wudn't be too vurword nether; vor than ee murt dra back.—No, no; vor oll what's zed, ees hope tha Banes wull g'in, ees zey, next Zundey.—And vath, nif's do vall over tha deſk, 'twont thir ma, ner borſt ma Bones.———Bet nif tha don't g'in by Zendey-

 zenneert,

* So Country People us'd to read *Licenſed.*

‡ Ho' is here an Abbreviation of Hope.

zenneert, chell tell tha, in shoort Company, es shall borst ma Heart. Bet ees must go down to en; vor he's by es zel'oll thes while.

SCENE the Ground-Room again.

To Andrew enter Margery.

Andrew. WELL, Cozen *Magery*; cham glad you're come agen: Vor thes Ballet es so very good, that et makes wone's Heart troubled to read et.

Margery. Why, put et up than while ees get a Putcher o' Zyder. Will ee eat a Croust o' Bread and Cheeze, Cozen *Andra?*

Andrew. No, es thankee Cozen *Magery*; vor es eat a Crub as es come along; bezides es went to Denner jest avore.—Well, bet Cozen *Magery*, whot Onser do'st gi' ma to tha Queſſon es put vore now-reert.

Margery. What Queſſon was et?

Andrew. Why, zure, yow ar'n't zo vorgetvul, why, tha Queſſon es put a little rather.

Margery. Ees don't 'know whot Queſſon ee mean; ees begit whot Queſſon 'twos.

Andrew. Why, to tell tha vlat and plane agen, 'twos thes; Wut ha ma, ay or no?

Margery. Whot! marry to Earteen? Ees gee tha zame onser ees gee'd avore, ees wudn't marry the beſt Man in oll *England.* Ees cud amorst zwear chud ne'er marry at oll.—No more chon't—vor ort's know.—And more an zo, Cozen *Andra*, cham a told you keep Company wey *Tamzen Hoſegood*, thek gurt banging, thonging, muxy Drawbreech, daggle-teal'd Jade, a zower-fop'd, yerring, chockling Traſh, a buzzom-chuck'd haggaging Moyle, a gurt Fuſtilug. Hare's a Trub. And nif you keep hare Company, ees'll ha no more to zey to tha.

Andrew. Ay, this is *Jo Hoſegood*'s Flimflam.——Oh tha vary Vengeance but o'en.

Margery. No, no; tes none of *Jo Hoſegood*'s Flimflam; bet zo tha Crime of tha Country goeth.

Andrew.

Andrew. Ah, bet 'twos *Jo Hoſegood*'s zetting vore in tha vurſt Place. Ha wull lee a Rope upreert.—Whan ha had a took a Shord and a paddled, ha wull tell Doil, and tell Dildrams, and roily upon enny Keſſon Zoul.—Ad! nif es come athert en, chell gi' en a Lick;—chell lay en o'er the Years;—chell plim en, chell toze en, chell cotten en, chell thong en, chell tann en;—chell gi' en a Strat in the Chups;—chell vag en, chell trem en, chell daſh en, chell curry hes Coat vor en;—chell drub en, chell make hes Kep hoppy.—Ad! chell gi' en zutch a Zwop;—chell gi' en a Whapper, and a Wherret, and a Whiſterpoop too:—Add! chell baſte en to tha true Ben.

[*Speaks in great Paſſion, and ſhews with his Hands how he'll beat his Adverſary.*

Margery. Lock, lock, lock! Cozen *Andra*! Vor why vore be ee in zitch a vuſtin Fume?—Why, ees don't zey 'twos *Jo Hoſegood* zes zo, bet only that zo tha Crime o' tha Country goeth.

Andrew. Well, well, Cozen *Magery*, be't how twull, whot caree I?—And zo good-buy, good but t'ye, Cozen *Magery*.——Nif Voaken be jealous avore they be married, zo they mey arter. Ay ay, zo they mey arter. Zo good-buy Cozen *Magery*. Chell not trouble yow agen vor wone while, chell warndy. [*Going.*

Margery. (*Calling after him.*)—Bet hearky, hearky a Bit, Cozen *Andra!* Ees wudn't ha' ye go awey angry nether. Zure and zure you won't deny to zee ma drenk, wull ye?—Why you han't a taſted our zyder yet. [*Andrew returns.* Come, Cozen *Andra*, here's t'ee.

Andrew. Na, vor that Matter, es owe no Ill-will to enny Keſſon, net I.—Bet es wont drenk, nether, except yow vurſt kiſs and Vriends. [*Kiſſes her.*

Margery. Yow won't be zed.—[*He drinks.*]—Well, bet hearkee, Cozen *Andra*; won't ye g'up and zee Grammer avore ye g'up to *Challacomb*? 'Tes bet jeſt over tha Paddick, and a-long the Park.

Andrew. Es caren't much nif's do go zee Old Ont *Nell*.—And how do hare tare along?

Margery. Rub along, d'ye zey?—Oh! Grammer's wor Vour Hundred Pounds, reckon tha Goods indoor and out a door.

Andrew. Cham glad to hire et: Vor es olweys thort her to ha' be bare Buckle and Thongs.

Margery. Oh! no, no, mun: Hare's mearty well to paſs, and maketh gurt Account of me, good now.

Andrew. Cham glad to hire o' thek too. Mey be, hare mey gi' tha a good Stub.——Come let's g'ender than. [*Takes her Arm under his, and leads her.*

SCENE Old Grammer *Nell's.*

To her enter Andrew *and* Margery.

Andrew. GOOD Den, good Den, Ont *Nell.*—Well, how d'ye try? How goeth et wi' ye?

Old Nell. Why, vath, Cozen *Andra*, pritty vitty, whot's chur. Chad a Glam or two about ma.—Chad a Crick in ma Back, and in ma Niddick. Tho chawr a lamps'd in wone o' ma Yearms. Tho come to a Heartgun. Vorewey ſtruck out and came to a Barngun. Tho come to an Allernbatch: Vorey vell in upon ma Bones, and come to a Boneſhave.—But e'er zince the Old *Jilian Vrinkle* bleſſed vore, 'tes pritty vitty; and cham come to ma Meat-liſt agen.—Well, but hearky, Cozen *Andra*, ees hire you lick a lit about ma Cozen *Magery*; ay and have ſmeled about her a pritty while. Chawr a told that yow ſimmered upon wone t'ather up to *Grace Vrogwill's* Bed-ale.—Well, Cozen *Andra*, 'twell do vary well vor both. No matter how zoon. Cham oll vore, and zo chaw'r zo zoon's ees hired o't.—Hare's net as zome Giglets, zome prenking mencing Thengs be, oll vor Gamboyling, Rumping, Steehopping, Ragrouting, and Gigletting; bet a tyrant Maid vor Work, and tha ſtewardleſs vitteſt Wanch that comath on the Stones o' *Moulton*, no Diſpreiſe.

Margery.

Margery. [*Softly aſide to her.*] Thenkee, Grammer, thenkee keendly.——And nif's ſhou'dn't ha'en ſhou'd borſt ma Heart.—[*Aloud,*]Good Grammer, don't tell me o' marrying. Chave a told Cozen *Andra* ma Meend aready, that chell ne'er marry, vor ort's know.

Old Nell. Stap hather, Cozen *Magery*, a lite, and tern theſe Cheeſen.—[*Pretendedly private to her.*] Go, you Alketole, why deſt tell zo, tha'rt ne'er marry? Tha wutten ha' tha' leek; a comely ſprey vitty Vella vor enny keendeſt Theng. Come nif tha wut ha' en, chell gi' tha a good Stub. There's net a ſpryer Vella in *Challacomb.*

Margery. Bet, Grammer, wullee be zo good's yow zey, nif zo be, vor your Zake, ees do vorce ma zel to let en lick a bit about ma.

Old Nell. Ay, es tell tha.—[*Aſide*]——Cham ageſt hare'll dra en into a Promiſh wone Dey or wother.

Andrew. Well, Ont *Nell*, es hired whot yow zed, and es thank yow too.—Bet now chave a zeed ye, 'tes zo good as chad eat ye, as they uze to zey. Es muſt go home now as vaſt as es can. Cozen *Magery*, won'tee go wey me a lit Wey.

Margery. May be ees may g'up and zee Ont *Moreman*, and may be es mant.

Exeunt.

SCENE the open Country.

Enter ANDREW, follow'd by MARGERY.

Margery. ADD! ees'll zee en up to *Challacomb*-Moor Stile.—Now muſt ees make wiſe chawr a going to Ont *Moreman's*, and only come thes wey.

Andrew. ſpying her.] Cozen *Magery*, Cozen *Magery*! ſtap a lit: Whare zo vaſt, mun? [*She ſtays.*] Zo, now es zee yow be zo good as yea Word, na, and better; vor tha zeſtſt may be chell, and may be chont.

Margery.

Andrew. Oh, yow take tha Words t'ather Wey. Ees zed, may be chell, and may be chon't g'up and zee Ont *Moreman.* Ees zed no more an zo. Ees go thes Wey to zee hare that's oll. Bet chudn't go zo vur to meet enny Man in *Challacomb*, ner *Parracomb*, ner eet in oll King *George*'s Kingdom, bleſs hes Worſhip! Meet tha Men aketha!——Hah! be quiet, ees zey, a creaming a Body zo. And more an zo, yer Beard precketh ill-vavourdly. Ees marl whot theſe gurt black Beards be good vor. Yow ha made ma Chucks buzzom.

Andrew. Well whot's zey, Cozen *Magery*? Chell put in tha Banes a Zendey, *volus nolus.*

Margery. Than ees'll vorbed men, fath.

Andrew. Oh! chell treſt tha vor thek. Es don't thenk yow'll take zo much Stomach to yare zel as to vorbed men avore zo many Vokes.——Well, Cozen *Magery*, good neart.

Margery. Cozen *Andra*, good Neart.—Ees wiſh you well to do.

SCENE MARGERY's Home.

To Tamzen *enter* Margery *ſinging.*

Margery. ZISTER *Tamzen*, whare art? Whare art a popeling and a pulching, doſt hire ma?

Thomaſin. Lock, lock, look! Whot's the Matter *Magery*, that tha leapeſt, and capereſt, and whiſtleſt, and zing'ſt zo? Whot, art hantock?

Margery. That's nort to nobody. Chell whiſtley, and capery, and zing, vor oll yow.—Eet a vor oll, nif ta wutten't be a Labb of tha Tongue now, chell tell tha zomething—Zart! whiſtery!—Ma Banes g'in a Zendey, fath, to *Andna*, the ſpiceſt Vella in *Sherwill* Hunderd.

Thomaſin.

Thomaſin. O La! why thare lo! why zo lo! Now we ſhall be married near together; vor mine be in and out agen; thof my Man don't eet tell me tha Day. Ees marl ha don't pointee whot's in tha Meend o'en.

Margery. Chell g'in to *Moulton* to-marra pritty taply, to buy zome Canveſt vor a new Holland Chonge.

Thomaſin. Ay, ay, zo do; vor tha caſſent tell whot mey happen to tha in tha middle Banes.

Margery. How! ya gurt Trapes.—Whot deſt me-an by thek? Ees ſcorn tha Words. Ded ort happen to thee in thy middle Banes? Happen akether!

Thomaſin. Hah! Ort happen to me in my middle Banes? Ees ſcorn et to tha Dert o' ma Shoes, look zee, ya mencing, kerping Baggage.——Varewell.

A VOCABULARY

A

VOCABULARY or GLOSSARY,

EXPLAINING

The moſt difficult Words in the foregoing Dialogues.

A

AGEST, agheſt, or agaſt, afraid, terrified; and ſometimes to expreſs ſuch great Terror, as if a Ghoſt had appeared.

Agging, murmuring, provoking, egging on, or raiſing Quarrels.

Alkithole, a ſilly Elf, or fooliſh Oaf. [Perhaps a fooliſh Creature troubled with Fits or Epilepſies, to which the Elk, in Latin Alce, is ſaid to be ſubject. Q.]

Allernbatch, an old Sore: From the Angl. Sax. Ælan, accendere, Botch ut ſupra; and then it may ſignify a Carbuncle or burning Boil.

A-long, as ſpelt in ſome former Editions, but ſhould be E-long, means ſlanting

Angle-bowing, a kind of Fencing againſt Sheep: From Angl. Sax. a Hook, or Bending of a Fiſhing-rod.

Antle-beer, Croſs-wiſe, irregular: Ab Antæ, the Door-poſts.

A-prill'd, Sour'd, or beginning to turn Sour! when applied to Milk, Beer, &c. ſometimes to be prickt or gored, ſo as to be made to fret or fume. Vide Skinner.

A-purt, Sullen; diſdainfully ſilent, with a glouting Look; in a ſour dogged Diſpoſition.

Avroar or Avraur, Frozen, Froſty.

An Axwaddle or Axwaddler, (from the Devonſhire Word Axen for Aſhes) an Aſh-padler or Pedlar; one that collects and deals in Aſhes; ſometimes one that tumbles in them.—Hence an Axen Cat; that ſometimes one that paddles and draws lines in them with a ſtick or poker.

B

Ba-arge, from the Saxon, Majalis, a Barrow-pig, generally uſed in Devonſhire to ſignify a fat heavy Perſon, one that is unweildy as a fatten'd Hog.

Baggaged or By-gaged, Behagged, i. e. Hog-ridden or bewitch'd.

Banging, large, great.

Barngun, ſome fiery Pimples breaking out upon the Skin; or perhaps, a burning Sore of the Eryſipelas kind, vulgarly called St. Anthony's Fire: But this is what the Devonians call Ill-thing, from the Angl. Sax. to burn.

Barra

Barra or Barrow, a gelt Pig.

Beat or Peat, Turf burnt for the Improvement of cold land, commonly called Burn-beating, and in ſome Counties Denſhiring, becauſe frequently uſed in ſome parts of Devonſhire.

Bed-Ale, Groaning Ale, that which is brewed for a Goſſiping or Chriſtening Feaſt.

To the true Ben or Bend, ſoundly and to the Purpoſe.

Betwattled, ſeiſed with a Fit of Tattling, or betotled & turn'd Fool.

Blazing, ſpreading abroad news, or blazoning and proclaiming the faults of others. [Belg. to blow in one's ear, meaning to whiſper.]

To Blenky or Blenk, to ſnow but ſparingly, reſembling he blinks or Aſhes, that ſometimes fly out of a Chimney, and fall around the Place.

To Bleſs vore (i. e. to bleſs for it, with a View to cure it) to uſe charms or ſpells to cure diſorders.—"She ſhould have needed no more ſpell."—Vid. Spenſer's Calender, Ægl. 3d. and Theocriti Idyll. B. Ver. 90.

Blogging, looking ſullen.

Blowmaunger, (perhaps from the French Blanc-manger, White Meat, a kind of Flummery) uſed by the Exmoorians, &c. to denote a fat blown cheek'd Perſon, as if blown up with Fat by full feeding and juncketing; or perhaps it may be applied to one who puffs and blows while he is eating.

Blowmaunger Baarge, vide ſupra, under the Word Baarge.

Bone-ſhave, the Sciatica. See Note to Page 8.

Booſtering, labouring buſily, ſo as to ſweat.

Bozzom, or Buzzom-chuck'd, the having a deep dark Redneſs in the Cheeks.

Briſs, Duſt.—Briſs and Buttons, Duſt and Sheep's Buttons or Sheep's Dung.

A Brocking Mungrel, a Mungrel Jade that is apt to throw her Rider.—From the Saxon Caballus, a Monger.

Buckard, or Bucked, when ſpoken of Milk, ſoured by keeping too long in the Milk-bucket, or by being kept in a foul Bucket. When ſpoken of other things,—hircum olens, having a rakiſh Taſte and ſmell.

To Buckle, or Buckle to, to gird up the Loins,—to be diligent and active.

Buddled, Drown'd, Suffocated, as if in the Buddle Poll, and ſerv'd as Tin Oar, when waſhed.

Buiſy, (ab A. S.) Buſky by Boys!

Buldering Weather, hot and ſultry, tending to Thunder.

Buſking, running up againſt one-another's Buſk by way of Provocation. Q?

Buttons, beſides the commonly known Meaning of the Word, is ſometimes uſed to expreſs Sheeps Dung, and other Buttons of that kind; as alſo the Burns on the Herb Burdock, but theſe in Devonſhire are call'd Cuckold-buttons, in ſome other Places Beggars-buttons.

Buzzom and Buzzom-chuck'd. See Bozzom

C

Candle-teening, Candle-lighting.—To teen and doubt the Candle means to put in and put out the Candle.

To Caniffle, or Camifflee, to diſſemble and flatter.

Cat-ham'd, ungainly, fumbling, without any Dexterity.

Caucheries, perhaps for potential Cauteries, Cauſtics or burning Medicines; but in Devonſhire means any Slops or Medicinal Compoſitions without any Diſtinction; the ſame with Couch or Cauch, perhaps from the Gr. miſcere, to mix or mingle.

Champ, a Scuffle.

'Chave, i. e. Ich have, I have.—And ſo 'ch for Ich, is prefixed to many other Words, viz. "Mey be chell and Mey be chont; i. e. it may be I ſhall, and it may be I won't or will not.

A Chaunge or Chonge, a Shirt or Shift;—becauſe it ſhall be often changed.

Chockling, the Cackling of a Hen when diſturbed; and when ſpoken of a Man or Woman, means hectoring and ſcolding.

Chounting, taunting, ſcornfully reviling, or jeering. This is not derived from chanting, nor has any relation thereto, unleſs meant in a harſh diſagreeable Tone. Vide Chun.

Chuer, in other Counties a Chare, a Job of Work; generally applied to the Work of a Perſon who aſſiſts on all Occaſions, and in different kinds of Work: Hence a Chare-woman or Chewrer, who helps the Servants in a Family.

To Chuery or Chewree, to aſſiſt the Servants, and ſupply their Places occaſionally, in the moſt ſervile Work of the Houſe.

Clathing, Cloathing—Clathers, Clothes.

Chun, Quean or Woman, Q?—But a Quean formerly meant a Whore, and generally now a bad ſort of a Woman.

Clam, a Stick laid over a Brook or Stream of Water to clamber over, ſupplying the Want of a Bridge, a Clap or Clapper.

Cloam, (perhaps from Loam,) Earthen-ware.

Coad, or Caud, unhealthy, conſumptive, or cored like a rotten Sheep.

Cockleert, (i. e. Cock-light) Diluculum, the Dawn, when the Cock crows: In the Evening, Crepuſculum.

Cod-glove, a Furze-glove without fingers.

To Coltee, to act the Hobby-horſe, to be as playful as a young Colt.

To Condiddle, to waſte, diſperſe, or convey away ſecretly or imperceptibly.

Condiddled, inſenſibly waſted away.—Spoken of Goods or Subſtance, clandeſtinely and gradually ſpent and conſumed.

To Creem, to ſqeeze, and as it were to cramp.

Crownting or Cruning, Groaning like a grunting Horſe.

The Crime of the Country, the whole Cry, or common Report of the Neighbourhood.

Crock, always means a Pottage-pot, when not diſtinguiſhed by an Adjunct; but beſides this Porridge-crock (as 'tis ſometimes call'd) there is the Butter-crock, by which the Devonians mean an Earthen Veſſel or Jar to pot Butter in; and the Pan-crock, which ſee in its Place.

Croud, a Fiddle.

A Crub, a Crumb of dry Bread, with or without Cheeſe.

To Cuff a Tale, to exchange Stories, as if contending for the Maſtery;—or to canvas a Story between one and another.

D

The very Daps of a Perſon,—The Aptes, Aptitudes or Attitudes; The exact Likeneſs of another, in all the Geſtures and Motions.

To Dere, hurry, frighten, or aſtoniſh a Child.—See Thir.

Dem! You Slut!

Good Den, Good E'en, Good Even.—An Afternoon Salutation—Vide Shakeſpeare's Romeo and Juliet:

"Mercutio. God ye Good e'en, fair Gentlewoman!

"Nurſe. It is Good e'en?

"Mercutio. 'Tis no leſs I tell you, &c."

To tell Dildrams and Buckingham Jenkens, to talk ſtrangely and out of the way.—The latter ſeems to be an Alluſion to ſome old incredible Story or Ballad concerning one Jenkins of Buckingham: Q. Whether that Jenkins, who is ſaid to have liv'd to the Age of 167 Years, was a Buckinghamſhire Man? or what other Perſon of that Name may be alluded to?

Dimmet, the Duſk of the Evening.

No Direct, no plain downright Truth, and conſequently no Truſt to be given.

To Doatee, to nod the Head when ſleep comes on whilſt one is ſitting up.

To tell Doil, to tell like a ſick Man when delirious.

The Dorns, the Door-poſts.

It Doveth, it thaws.

The Dowl or Dœul, the Devil.

A muxy Draw-breech, a lazy filthy Jade, that hangs an A-ſe as if overloaden by the Dirt at her Tail.

Dugged, Dugged-tail'd, and Daggle-tail'd, wet, and with the Tail of the Garment dragg'd along in the Dirt.

To Dwallee or Dwaule, to talk incoherently, or like a Perſon in a Delirium.

E

Eart one, eart t'other,—Now one, and then the other.

Egging, ſpurring on, or provoking.

E-long, ſlanting.

Elt, See Ilt.

Es, that is Iſe (the Scotch of the Pronoun Ego) which, as well as Ich, is ſometimes uſed in Devon for I.—(See Chave)—Es or Ez is ſometimes uſed for is.

F

Fouſt or a-fouſt, dirty and ſoil'd; but this Word is not uſed in Devonſhire to expreſs mouldineſs, as in ſome other Counties.

Fulch or Vulch, a puſhing Stroke with the Fiſt, directed upward; —from fulcio, fulcire, to prop up or ſupport.

Full-ſtated, ſpoken of a Leaſehold Eſtate that has three Lives ſubſiſting thereon; that is, when it is held for a Term, which will

not determine till the Death of the Survivor of three Perſons ſtill living.

The whole Fump of the Buſineſs, for Fump, (Sanna)—The whole of the Jeſt; or all the Circumſtances of a Story, and the Means by which it came to ſuch an Iſſue.

Fuſtiluggs,—ſpoken of a big-boned Perſon,—a great foul Creature.

G

Gammerells, the lower Hams, or the Small of the Leg.

A Gapeſneſt or Gapeſneſs, a Wonderment, a ſtrange Sight.—" Fit only for a Gapeſneſs." i. e. Fit only to be ſtared at, as ſome ſtrange uncommon Creature.

Ghowering or Jowering, brawling or quarrelling.

Gerred or Girred, for Gored; dirty or bedaub'd.

Gerred-tail'd Meazels, filthy ſwaine;—becauſe frequently ſcrophulous, or in many places, ſpotted.

Glam, a wound or ſore, a cut or bruiſe, botch or ſwelling, &c. an accidental hurt. Vide Lampſed.

Glumping, looking ſullen; dark and lowering, gloomy or glum.

To Gookee, to have an awkward nodding of the head, or bending of the body backward and forward.

A Gore-coat, a Gown or Petticoat gored, or ſo cut as to be broad at the bottom, & narrower at the upper part; ſuch as may be ſeen in ſome antient Pictures, particularly of Q. Eliz. from Gore a Pleit or Slip.—Vide Ball's Edit. of Spenſer's Calendar, Ægl. 3.

To Grabble, for Grapple.

To Grizzle, to grin, or ſmile with a ſort of ſneer.

A Grizzledemundy, a fooliſh creature that grins or laughs at any trifling incident.

Gurt, great.

Guttering, Guttling and devouring, eating greedily.

H

Ha-ape, ſtop, or keep back, [to Ha-ape,] is generally applied by plowmen, to the forcing the oxen backward, to recover the proper direction of the furrow, which is termed Haaping them back; and the word of command to the bullocks in this caſe is Haape! Haape back!—P. 9.—" Nif Vauther ded'nt haape tha" i. e. If Father did not ſtop, refrain, and force thee to a contrary courſe.

Haggage, an awkward ſlovenly hag, or ſlattern.

Haggle-tooth'd, Snaggle-tooth'd.

Halzening, predicting the worſt that can happen.

Hange or Hanje, the purtenance of any creature, joined by the Gullet to the Head, and hanging all together, viz. the Lights, Heart and Liver.

Hantick, antic or frantic.

Hare,—Her; by the Exmoorians alſouſed for She.—[By the Corniſh (on the contrary) and alſo by ſome few Devonians, She is often uſed inſtead of Her. viz. in the accuſative as well as nominative caſe.]

To Hawchee, to feed ſoully.

Hawchamouth'd, one that talks indecently,—or rather makes no Diſtinction between decent and indecent Language, but mouthes

out

out what come uppermoſt; and whoſe Diſcourſe therefore is a mere Hotch-potch.

To Henn, to take and throw. [Vid. Spencer's Calend. Ægl. 3. "The Pumice Stones I haſtily hent and threw. "But this word is ſeldom uſed in Devon, tho' frequently in Cornwall.

Hewſtring, Houſtring, coughing, wheezing.

Heart-gun, (Cardialgia—Tabum quoddam Cordis:) Some great Sickneſs in the Stomach, or Pain about the Heart, rather worſe than the common Heart-burn.

Hire,—uſed for Hear.

To Hobby, to play the Hobby-horſe, to be at romps with the men.

Holing, Calumniating; ab A. S. Hol, Calumnia.

Horry, foul and filthy.

Hoazed, Hoarſe.—See Hozed below.

To Holſter, to huſtle and buſtle, to make a confounded noiſe.

Hozed or Hawzed, finely off!—Ironically ſpoken.— Perhaps finely houſed, or in a fine Hovel; for the word Hobble (probably from Hovel) is uſed by the Devonians ironically in much the ſame Senſe; as, ſuch a-one is in a fine Hobble! meaning in ſome great Difficulty.]

A Huckmuck, a ſhort thick-ſhoulder'd Perſon; or rather meant for a perſon with ſhort legs, one whoſe hocks are immers'd in, or beſpattered by the muck or dirt;—or perhaps an unſhapely creature like a brewer's Huckmuck, i. e. a ſort of wicker ſtrainer us'd to prevent the grains and muck from running out with the wort.

The Huckſheens, the legs up to the Hams or Hocks.

To have a Hy to every-body,—to call after,—to have ſome-what to ſay to:—Heus! Heigh Sir; You Sir!

I

The Jibb, a Stiller to fix a Barrel of Liquor upon.

The Ilt, the ſpayed female Pigs.

Jowering, Ghowring.

K

The Kee, the Kine, or Cows.

Any Keendeſt Theng, any kind of Thing,—all ſorts of things, ever ſo much.

Keeve or Kieve, a Meſhing Tub.

A Kep, a Cap.

Kerping, Carping.

Keſſon, Chriſtian.

A Kickhammer, a Stammerer.

L

A Labb, a Blab.

To Lace, &c.—See below in the Note ſubjoined to this Page.

To Lackee, to loyter, or be long lacking or wanting from Home.

Lamps'd, lamed, or diſabled by a wound or otherwiſe: vel ab A. S. Lama

Note.—To Lace, to Lam, to Lick, to Linſe, to Liquor; as likewiſe to baſte, to cotton, to curry, to drub, to drum, to fag, to tan, to thong, to threſh, to toze, to trim, cum multis aliis,—are metaphorically uſed to ſignify,—To give a ſound beating, and want little or no Explication: It was therefore thought needleſs to inſert them under their ſeveral Initials, but only to hint thus much concerning them.

Lama claudus, debilis, enervatus; vel a Lat Barb. Lanceatus. Vide G. J. Voſſium de vitiis Sermonis, Lib 4. Cap. 12.

Laping or Lecaping, Leaping.

Lathing, Invitation.

The Lear, the Lear-ribs,—" He gave him a Fulch under the Leer," i. e. in the Hollow under the Ribs. See Fulch.

Lipped, to be let paſs; to be looſe and free; and ſometimes the breaking out of the Stitches in Needle-work, or the like.

Lock! What! Heyday! Alack! Lo! ab A. S. Locan, to look.

Loblolly, (ſo call'd perhaps, quaſi Lubber-lolly, as being the broth of the country lubbers; or rather Laplolly, becauſe it may lapp'd up and eaten without a ſpoon) an odd mixture of the worſt kind of ſpoon-meat: The word is alſo ſometimes uſed for thick Beer.

Lonching, quaſi Launching, or making long ſtrides.

Lounging or Lundging, leaning on any Thing, ſuch as a Gate or Stile, like a lazy Creature that hath nothing elſe to do.

To Luſtree or Lewſtery, to buſtle & ſtir about like a luſty wench.

M

The Malls, the Meazels.

Marl, a Marvel or Wonder.

Meat-liſt, come to my, i. e. Stomach, Appetite.

Meazels, Sows or Swine.

Mickled with the cold, (a Lat. micare, tremere,) ſhrunk'd up and benumb'd, the ſame with ſteev'd, which means alſo ſtiffen'd and benumb'd.

Min or Mun, for them; as P. 16, " When tha deſt zey mun." i. e. when thou doſt ſay them.—and P. 24, " a puſs to put min in." i. e. a purſe to put them in.—Mun is alſo uſed vocatively for man, and ſometimes even in ſpeaking to a woman, but then it ſeems rather to mean mannus, for the which the Saxon word was alſo man; thus P. 23, " chave an over arrant to tha, mun."—i. e. I have an important errand to thee, my little hobby.——See the word over, explained in P. 38.

Moil or Moyle, a Mule.

To Moyle, to labour like a mule, to be an inceſſant drudge.—" I have toiled and moiled all day," i. e. I have had a very hard and toilſome day's work.

Mullad or Mulled, cloſely rubb'd and tightly ſqueezed.

Muggard and Muggaty, ſullen and diſpleaſed, at a real or ſuppoſed affront.

A Mulligrub Gurgin, a meal grub that feeds only upon Gurgins or Gurgians, the coarſeſt kind of meal, and the common food for hounds.

A Mum Chance, a fool, dropt as it were by chance, or by the Fairies; or one who is for the moſt part ſtupid and ſilent, and never ſpeaks, at leaſt not to the purpoſe, but by mere chance.

Mun, vide ſupra Min.

A Brocking Mungrel.—See Brocking.

Mux, muck or dirt.

Muxy, dirty, filthy,

The

N

The Natted Yeo, (for notted, or not-headed, becauſe without antlers,) the ewe without horns.

The Niddick, the nape or hinder part of the neck.

A Ninniwatch, (q. d. the watch of a ninny or fool,)a fooliſh expectation,—vain hopes or fears.

Now-reert, (i. e. now-right) juſt now.

O

To take Owl o' (i. e. take unwell of it) to take it ill, or amiſs.

Ort, ſometimes us'd for aught, or aught, any thing; at other times for oft, often, as in P 16, L. 16.

Over, is frequently us'd to expreſs over great, material, or important; as "he hath an over mind to ſuch a thing," that is, a great inclination to it:—An over errand, an important meſſuage. See min or mun, as explained in P. 37.

P

To Paddle, ſignifies not only to dabble in the water, &c. but alſo to make free with liquor, or to drink freely. [See the old ſong of the ſwapping Mallard,

"And as the Mallard in his pools,
"So we will paddle in our bowls."]

To Palch along,—to ſtalk, or walk on ſoftly,——to palch, alſo ſignifies to patch or mend clothes, that is to put a palth or palliage on them; from the word palliate, which ſignifies either to diſguiſe or to patch up a matter.

A Pan-crock, a little earthen pan.

To Pank, to pant.

Parbeaking, belching; perhaps a corruption of parbeaking, vomiting, ſtomachoſus, facile in iram prorumpens.

Peels, for Pillows.

Pennet, a little pen, a ſheep or cow-pen.

Pilm, flying duſt: Hence in P. 10, "I'll make thy boddice pilmee," means, I'll threſh thee ſo as to make the duſt fly out of thy boddice.

Pinchvart or Pinchfart, a miſerly niggard, who pinches and ſaves that which is not worth half a farthing.

To Pink, to puſh. In the præter tenſe pung, as "he pung me i. e. he puſh'd me.

To take Pip, and meach off,—See P. 25,—to take amiſs, or be out of humour, and ſo ſteal away.

Piping, in P. 12, means wheezing.—"A parbeaking and piping body" a perſon ſubject to belching and wheezing.

Piſtering, a word which whenever uſed, is always join'd with whiſtering, i. e. whiſpering, (as in P. 17) perhaps from the French peſter, to rail at, or tell tales; and ſo whiſtering and piſtering muſt be underſtood to mean telling ſtories to the diſadvantage of others in whiſpers, or with an air of ſecrecy.

Plat-vooted, broad and flat-footed.

To Plim, to ſwell up, as new bacon, &c. in dreſſing:——"Chell plim tha, P. 9.—i. e. I ſhall or will beat thee, ſo as to make thee ſwell

ſwell like a young ſoul put to the fire:—So to make the cheeks plim, is to beat them ſo as to make them ſwell and look plump.

Podger, a platter, whether made of pewter or earthen ware; but the former is generally termed a podger-diſh, and the latter a cloamen podger, or frequently a podger without any diſtinction.

To Pomſtery, to uſe ſlops or ſalves, and play the emperic and quack.

To Poochee, to make mowes or mouthes, or ſcrew up the mouth like a pouch.

Pook, a haycock, quaſi peake or cone;—cornu-brit. pooc, or punk, a heap. See Dr. Borlaſe's Corniſh Vocabulary.

To Popple about, to hobble about.

Popping, blabbing, like a popinjay or parrot.

To Potee, to puſh with the feet.

To Powt, to thruſt out the lips and ſwell the cheeks in token of anger.

To Prink or Prinkee, to dreſs fine, or ſet one's ſelf off to the beſt advantage.

Prill'd. See A-prill'd.

To Pritch, to prick holes in;—to make holes for the wires in the leathers of wool-cards.

Puckering, in rolls and wrinkles,—all ziz-zag and awry.

To Pummel a perſon,—to beat him ſoundly,—to box him.

Pung. See Ping.

To Purt, purtee, or be apurt,—to ſet ſilent or ſullen.

To Putch, to pick up corn or hay to the mow or zeſs with a pitch-fork. See zeſs.

Pixy, piginye, a fairy.—(Ab iſlandic. puke, Dæmon.)—Teeheeing Pixy, P. 11. Laughing Fairy or Goblin.

Q

Quelſtring, hot and ſultry, or ſweltry.

Querking, the deep ſlow breathing of a perſon in pain; a tendency to groaning.

R

Rabble-rote, a repetition of a long ſtory;—a tale of a tub.

Racing, raking up old ſtories, or rubbing up old ſores.

Ragrowtering, (from ragery and rout tumultus) playing at romps, and thereby rumpling roughening, and tearing the clothes to rags; or playing the rogue, viz. in a wanton frolic.

Rathe, (no rear, as Gay has it,) early, ſoon; e. g. "a leet-rather," or as in P. 15, bet leetle rather," i. e. but a little while ago,—a little ſooner. I would rather, i, e. I would ſooner do ſo and ſo.—In Somerſet, "Why do you up ſo rathe," i. e. get up or riſe ſo early.

Rathe-ripe fruit, early fruit.

A Rathe-ripe wench, a girl of early puberty.

To Ream, to ſtretch or ſtrain.—[Bread is ſaid to ream, when made of heated or melted corn, & grown a little ſtale; ſo that if a piece of it is broken into two parts, the one draws out from the other a kind of ſtring like the thread of a cobweb, ſtretching from one piece

piece to the other.—Note, corn is ſaid to be melted when put together before thoroughly dried, and ſo heated and fermented in the zeſs or mow.]

Rearing, mocking, by repeating another's words with ſcorn and diſdain.

Reart, right.—So light is pronounced leart; might meart; and the like pronunciation prevails in almoſt all words ending in ight, among the Ruſtics in Devon.

Rearting, righting or mending.

Rewden Hat, a ſtraw hat;—a woman's hat made of rood or reed, that is of combed ſtraw.

Rex or rather Rix, a ruſh; rixen ruſhes.—The rex-buſh, P. 10, a buſh or turf of ruſhes.

A Rigg, an impudent wonton girl. Minſhew.

Rigging, acting the wonton; ready to beſtride any inactive ſtallion, and give him a quickening ſpur.

Riggleting, wriggling, twiſting and turning, or playing the romps, and riding upon men's backs.

A Rigmutton-rumpſtall, may ſometimes mean a rammiſh ridgel; but is generally uſed to denote a wanton wench that is ready to ride the men's backs; or elſe paſſively to be their romp-ſtall.

Ripping, taking off the rind and expoſing our nakedneſs;—or ripping up our character and laying open all our faults.

Rittling a-bed, wheezing, rattling, routing, and ſnoring.

Rixen. See above.

Rixy, quarrelſome, ſcolding. [a Lat. Rixa.]

A Roil or Royle, a big, ungainly ſlammakin; a great awkard blowze or hoyden.

To Roily upon one, to rail on him, or traduce his character.

Roundſhaving, ſpoke-ſhaving, reprimanding ſeverely.

Rouſtling, ruſtling and rattling.

A Rouzabout, a reſtleſs creature never eaſy at home, but roaming from place to place. Alſo, a ſort of large peaſe, which from their regular globoſity will hop or roll about more than others.

To Rowcaſt (i. e. to rough-caſt,) to throw dirt that will ſtick.

Rowl or Real, a revel or wake; the anniverſary of the dedication of a church.

Rubbacrock, a filthy ſlattern that is as black as if ſhe were continually rubbing herſelf againſt a boiler or kettle.

To Ruckee, to quat or crouch down, whether on a neceſſary occaſion or otherwiſe.

A Rumple, a large debt contracted by little and little. [Somerſet "'Twill come to a rumple, or breaking at laſt: But rumple in Devon means not the ſame as rupture, but a thing ruffled and drawn up together, as a garment rumbled up to a wad, with many plaits and wrinkles.]

S

A Scatt or Skatt, a ſhower of rain. [There is a proverb at Kenton, in Devon, mentioned by Riſdon, "When Hall-down has a hat, let Kenton beware of a ſkatt." See Brice's Topographical

Dictionary, Art. Kenton.

Scatty weather, ſhowry, with little ſkuds of rain.

Scoarſe or Scoace, to exchange. " Es ſcoaſt a tack or two," P. 21. i. e. I exchanged a blow or two,—I ſwopp'd with him a fifty-cuff or two.

Scratch'd or a-ſcrath'd, juſt frozen; the ſurface of the earth appeared as it were ſcratch'd or ſcabby.

To Screedle, or ſcrune over the embers, to hover over them, covering them with one's coats as with a ſcreen.

To Scrumpee, to ſcrance like a glutton or as a dog eating bones and all.

Seggard, Safeguard, a kind of outer garment ſo called.

Shoard, a piece of broken earthen ware. a potſherd.

To take a Shord, to take a cup too much.

A Shool, a ſhovel.

To Shoort, to ſhift for a living.

To Simmer, to ſimper, like water in a kettle, or broth in a pot, when beginning to boil.

To Skull to ſchool; to rate or ſcold at.

To Slat to ſlit a ſtick or board lengthwiſs, to crack, to throw a thing againſt the ground ſo as to break it;—alſo to give a flap or blow.

Slottery Weather, foul weather.

Snibble-noſe, or rather ſnivel-noſe, one who ſnuffs up the ſnot.—Cutted ſnibble-noſe, a cutting niggardly perſon; one that would ſave the very droppings of his noſe:—A common deſcription of a miſer in this county.

To Sowle, to tumble one's cloaths, to pull one about, &c. See Mullad.

Soze, or ſoace properly for Sirs; but ſometimes uſed for a company of women as well as men.

Spalls, Chips.

To drow vore Spalls, to throw one's errors and little flaws in one's teeth, quaſi ſpalls or chips, which fly off from the carpenter's ax or woodman's bill:—Or to throw out ſpiteful hints, or ſpit one's venom againſt another, quaſi Spawls.

Spare, ſlow.—It alſo ſometimes means a thing not conſtantly uſed, but kept in reſerve for a friend occaſionally, as a ſpare-bed, &c.

Sprey, ſprack, ſpruce, and clever.

Sproil, a capacity of motion, ability to ſprawl about, and be active. See Stroil.

A good Spud, a good gift or legacy, ſuch as may anſwer our hopes and expectations.

To Spudice or Spuddle out the Yewmors,—to ſtir or ſpread abroad the embers, with a little ſpud or poker.

To Squat down, to quat down.

Squelſtering weather, ſweltry or ſultry.

A Stare-baſon, one that is ſauſer-eyed, and impudently ſtares one in the face.

Stave, a ſtaff;—alſo a tree or plank laid acroſs the water for a foot-bridge, with ſomething of a rail.—" When the water was

by

by ſtave" (P. 11.) or up by ſtave, i. e. when it was ſo high as to cover the bridge, and render it dangerous to paſs over.

Steehopping, gadding abroad idly to hear or carry news: [Poſſibly from the Britiſh yſtiſerion eve-droppings, and may denote the conduct of eve droppers who hearken for news under windows; and ſo is expreſſive of the talebearer's chief employment, viz. to carry ſtories from houſe to houſe] Alſo jumping and capering.

Steev'd with the cold, (ſee Mickled,) quite ſtiff and frozen.

To Stertlee, to ſtartle.

Stivering or Stubvering up againſt, ſtanding ſtiff.

Stertling Roil, (P. 8.) A wag-tail blowze, or one whoſe motions is directed like a ſhip by the rudder in the ſtern.—" Stertlee upon the zeſs," (as in P. 8.) i. e. to act the wag-tail there; (one that will fall down upon her back with the leaſt puff of wind.)

To Stile linen, &c. to ſmooth it with a ſteel, or ironing box.—To iron the cloaths.

To Stool Terras, to ſet up wet turfs two and two, one againſt another, touching each other at the upper part, and aſtrout at the bottom, that the wind may blow between them, and help to dry them for fuel.

A Stram, any ſudden, loud, and quick ſound: So (as a verb) to ſtram the doors, means to ſhut them with noiſe and violence.—Hence a bold and unexpected lie that greatly ſhocks and ſurprizes the hearer, is called a ſtrammer; and hence alſo to ſtrammee, means to tell great and notorious lies.

To Strat, to daſh in pieces; to throw any thing againſt the ground, &c. ſo as to break it off; hence to ſtrat the match that is to break it off, or prevent the intended marriage.

A Strat in the chops,—A blow in the face or mouth.

To Strat a perſon up,—to daſh the foul water or mud of the ſtreets againſt him, and beſpatter him therewith.

Stroil, (from ſtruggle) ſtrength and agility.—" Thou haſt no ſtroil or docity," (P. 15.) i. e. no activity nor docility;—no more agility or motion than a perſon diſabled from ſtriving or ſtruggling.

Stroil is alſo a denomination of the long roots of weeds and graſs, in grounds not properly cultivated.

Stroaking or Strocking the Kee, (i. e. the cows,) milking after a calf has ſucked.

A good Stub, a large ſum of money, whether given or expended; as, " it coſt a good ſtub," i. e. it was bought at a great price.—" He did not give his vote without having a good ſtub," that is, a large bribe.

A Sture, a ſteer; alſo a duſt raiſed.

Swapping or Swoping, big, large, unweildy;—as the ſwopping mallard of All Souls College in the ſong, means a very large mallard.

A Swaſh-bucket, a wench who careleſsly ſwaſhes and ſplaſhes the pig's waſh out of the bucket, when ſhe carries it to feed the hogs;—that this, or ſome ſuch flatternly conduct, whether of the pig's bucket, or milk pail, is meant by this word in the

foregoing dialogues, ſeems evident; at leaſt that it can have no reference or alluſion to a ſwaſh-buckler or hectoring ſoldier, but to ſome mean office of a woman ſervant in the country.

T

To Tack, (from Attaquer, Fr. to attack) means in Devon, to give a ſtroke with the palm of the hand, not with a clinched fiſt.

A Tack, a ſtroke ſo given.

To Tack hands, to clap hands, either by way of triumph or provocation; as alſo in a dance, &c.

Tackle, good Tackle, a table well furniſhed.—Good things, good proviſions.

Tacklou, in Corniſh ſignifies a creature, a thing,—Good things, fit inſtruments for the purpoſe.

Tanbaſte or Tanbaſe, ſcuffling or ſtruggling.

Tapely, (a corruption of timely, Sax. timlice tempeſtive)—early; betimes in the morning.

To Tare. See Tear.

Tachy, peeviſh, captious, diſpleaſed on every trifling occaſion.

Taties, potatoes.

To Tear or Tare, ſignifies (in Devon) not only to rend, crack, or break, but alſo to make a great ſtir.

To Tear or Tare along,—to buſtle through buſineſs, to be ſtirring and active.—"How do hare tare along" (P. 27.) i. e. how doth ſhe go on, or make her way in the world? How doth her diligence and aſſiduity ſucceed?

Ted or Tet, to be ordered or permitted to do a thing; as, "I ted go home at ſuch a time" i. e. I am to go home, &c. "We tet not put on our ſhoes till we have them," i. e. We are not to put them on till, &c.

Tervee, to ſtruggle and labour to get free.

Tetties, (Teats,) breaſts.

Thick-liſted, ſhort winded or breathing with difficulty, (as very fat perſons do)—aſthmatical.

To Thir,—this ſignifies much the ſame as to dere, a word commonly uſed by nurſes in Devonſhire, ſignifying to frighten or hurry a child out of its ſenſes.

Thirl or Therl, gaunt and lank, thin and lean.

Timerſome, paſſionate.

Ting a long girt or ſurcingle, that girds the panniers tight to the pack-ſaddle.

To Ting a perſon, to give him or her a tight ſcolding; or to upbraid one with ſuch particulars as touch the quick, and pinch as feelingly as the ting does the belly of the horſe when tightly buckled.

Tirant, ſpecial, extraordinary.

Torn or Tourn, a ſpinning wheel; ſo called from its turning round.

A Totle, a ſlow lazy perſon; an idle fool, that does his work awkwardly and ſlowly.—[So called perhaps, q.d. taught ill, but Q. as to this?]

To Totle and Totee about,—to totter up and down.

To Towzee, to toſs and tumble.

A Troant,

A Troant, (not a truant or micher, but in Dev.) a fooliſh witleſs fellow, and ſometimes a lazy loitering lubber.

A Trolubber or Trough-lubber, a common labourer, whoſe ordinary buſineſs is hedging and ditching.

How do you Try?—How do you find yourſelf? How do you do? Sometimes the ſalutation is, "How d'ye hold it?" to which ſome punſters will anſwer, "In both hands when I can catch it;" but the meaning is, how do you hold or retain your health?—A nautical term.

V

To Vag, to thwack, or beat one with a rod, &c. to fag.

To Vall over the Deſk, a cant term for having had the banns of marriage publiſhed in the Church.

To Vang, to take:—And likewiſe to undertake at the font of baptiſm, as a ſponſer for a child.—In the præter Vung.—Thus P. 7. "When tha vungſt (and be hang'd to tha!) to Robbin"—i. e. when thou wert godmother (and may hanging await thee!) to Robin.

Veaking, (quaſing feiging, carping;) fretful and peeviſh.

Vigging, (See Potee,) vig, vig, vig; uſed to expreſs the action of dogs digging with their feet, in order to ſcratch out fleas.

Vinnied or Vinnad, finnewed, mouldy.

Vinny, a battle or ſkirmiſh; and in the foregoing dialogues (See P. 12.) a ſcolding bout.—Poſſibly from whinniard, a hanger or crooked ſword, uſed as a defence from aſſaults; and this perhaps derived from the latin vindicta, revenge: For the word vinny here, cannot mean to whinny or neigh like a horſe, this being a ſignal of kind invitation, rather than garrulous oppoſition.

To Vine-dra Voaks, (P. 14.) i. e. finedraw folks; to flatter or deceive people by fair ſpeeches; to cut their throats with a feather.

To Vit Meat, to dreſs it, or make it fit to be eaten.

To Vittee, to go well, fitly, ſucceſsfully.

Vitty, (quaſi fitty,) apt, decent, handſome and well.

Unliſty, unweildy.

Voar, Voor, or Vore,—forth:—alſo a furrow.

To drow Voar, i. e. to throw forth; to twit a perſon with a fault.

Voar-and-back, reverſed; the right-hand ſide being placed on the left, or what ſhould be forward put backward; So up and-down (in the Devonſh. dialect) means up ſide-down, or inverted.

Vore-days or Voar-days, late, or forward in the day; the day being far advanced.

Vore-reert, forth-right, or right forward.—headlong, without circumſpection.

Vorked, forked. P. 9, "ſo vur's tha art a vorked" i. e. ſo far as thou art forked:" and P. 11, "drade tha out by the vorked eend" i. e. drew thee out by the forked end; which phraſes want no other explanation, the fork therein meant being well known: And perhaps it may not be deemed beſide our purpoſe to add, that the ſame word is uſed for the twiſt or twiſſel of maiden trees.

Vort

Vort or Voart, fought.—P. 21, "Es thort you coudent a vort zo" i. e. I thought you could not have fought ſo.
Upa-zet or Uppa-zit, oppoſite; ſet before you in full view.
Up-zetting, i. e. up-ſitting,—a goſſipping or chriſtening feaſt.
Vramp-ſhapen, diſtorted.
Vreach, readily, carefully, diligently, and earneſtly.
Vulch. See Fulch.
A Vump, a thump.
To Vump, to thump, or give one blows with the fiſt;—alſo to vamp or botch up old clothes.
Vuſtin Fume, a mighty fume, a ſwelling boiſterous rage.
Vuſtled up, wrapped up; a lat. faſcia.

W

Wambling, a rumbling or commotion in the guts;—alſo waving tumbling or lolling a thing backward and forward, or from ſide to ſide.
Wangary or Wangery, ſoft, flabby.
Wapper-eyed, goggle-eyed, having full rolling eyes; or looking like one feared; or ſquinting like a perſon overtaken with liquor. —[Poſſibly from wapian, Sax. fluctuare, ſtupere.]
'Chell Warndy, I'll warrant you.
Waſhamouth, one that blabs out every thing at random, or whatever happens to be uppermoſt.
Wee-wow or a-wee-wow,—waving this way and that way; prave, perverſe.
Well to paſs, in a thriving way, poſſeſſed of a good eſtate, or having a competent fortune.
A Whappet, a blow with the hollow of the hand.
Wharewey, wherewith, or wherewithall.
Whatjecomb or Whatchecam, what d'ye call him?
Whatnozed, for hot noſed, (formerly ſpelt hoate-noſed,) red noſed, as if heated by drinking too freely.
A Wherret or Whirret, a clap or cuff given on the face, according to Minſhew; but in Dev. it rather means a box o' the ear.
Whileer, i. e. a while e'er or a while before; a little while ſince.
Whitſtone, a whetſtone; a liar's property. See notes on P. 20 & 21.
To Whiſter, to whiſper.—"Zart! whiſtery" P. 27, i. e. ſoft! let us whiſper.
A Whiſterpoop, a ſort of whiſtling, or rather whiſpering pop,—a blow on the ear; ironically meant to expreſs a ſudden and unwelcome whiſper.
A Whitwitch, a white witch, a conjuror;— good witch that does no miſchief unleſs it be in picking the pockets of thoſe who are no conjurors, by pretending to diſcover the rogueries of others.
Whorting,—"out a worting," P. 7.—i. e. out in the woods, &c. to ſearch for and gather whorts or whortle-berries.
The Way for Ay, a ſufficient compenſation, or valuable exchange of one thing for another.—As in P. 15, "Thou wouldſt kiſs the A--e of G. H. to ha'en" (i. e. to have him); but thou haſt not the way for ay, i. e. not a ſufficient fortune to anſwer his.
Whimbing, winnowing corn.

To

To Make-wiſe, to pretend,—to make as tho' things are ſo and ſo, when they are not.

Witherly, wilful, contrary;—a whitherly chat: Item, wilfully; with main force and violence.

Wraxling, wreſtling.

Y

Yellow Beels or Yellow Boys, guineas.

To Yappee, when ſpoken of a dog, ſignifies to yelp.—See Yeppy.

Yeaveling, the evening.

Yeavy, wet and moiſt.—a Sax. ea aqua.

To Yeppy, to make a chirping noiſe like chicken or birds;—alſo uſed negatively to denote the voice of a perſon that cant be diſtinctly heard: As in P. 16, "thou art ſo hoarſe that thou canſt ſcarce yeppy"

Yerring, yelling, noiſy.

Yeſs, podex, in plain Engliſh mine A-ſe.

Yewmors, embers, hot aſhes: The ſame word is always uſed for humours.

Yeo, an ewe ſheep.

Z

Zœwl or Zowl, a plow to caſt up furrows.

Zenneet or Zinneert, ſev'night.

Zewnteen or Zœwnteen, ſeventeen.

'Should Zem, for "I ſhould ſeem," it ſeem, or ſo the report goes:—As in P. 7, "'Should zem thou wert ſick, &c. i. e. it was ſo reported.—I ſem, an old word, for I ſee, I perceive.

The Zeſs, the ſheaves regularly piled and ſtowed in a barn in like manner as a corn rick or Mow is without doors; but the Devonſh. word zeſs, always means the pile of ſheaves within the barn.

Zidle-mouth, the mouth awry, or more extended on one ſide than the other.

Zoo, as "to let the kee go zoo" P. 10, i. e. let the cows go dry.

Zowerſwopped, (quaſi ſower ſapped,) ill natured, crabbed.

Zwir thy torn, (P. 11,) quhir or wheel round thy ſpinning wheel with ſpeed; let thy diligence be proclaimed by its zwiring, or quhirring noiſe.

Zwop, (a Sax. ſwapa, ruina,) the noiſe made by the ſudden fall of any thing; as "He fell down zwop!"—In the Exmoor Courtſhip, P. 20, it expreſſes the ſudden ſnatching of a ſmacking kiſs.

F I N I S.

Book-Keeping